FREE SOCIETY

FORMERLY *THE FIREBRAND.*

A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST WORK, THOUGHT AND LITERATURE.

VOL. IX. NO. 1. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JANUARY 5, 1902. WHOLE NO. 343.

The End of the Storm.

Stay comrades! stand for liberty, our banner keep unfurled.
What tho the mob its cause mistook and evil on it hurled?
What tho the time-paid servers of a class that must decay
Have torn it, since each tiny strip, a new flag, greets the day?

The twilight gathers slowly, the eve is drawing nigh:
What tho the storm-clouds gather across the evening sky,
The thunders growl, the lightnings flash, the world adripping wet—
Far off, beyond the tempest, the stars are gleaming yet.

The storm abates its fury, the storm-bird dips his wing,
The sky is paling slowly, and the soon the lark will sing.
The stars will gleam and flicker, then vanish one by one,
For the tempest has but heightened the glory of the sun.

MARY HANSEN.

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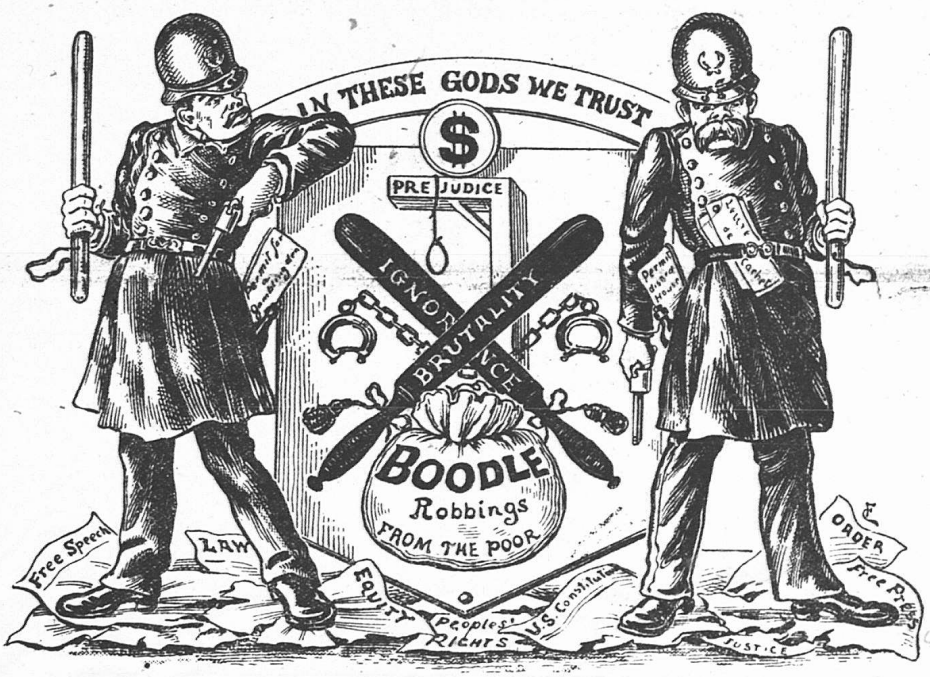
Our Friends, the Enemy, Again.

Since my former article in their praise was printed, our friends the enemy have broken loose once more. It is true, indeed, and an important sign of the times, that with subsidence of the craze, most bourgeois magazines and papers have ceased to say much against Anarchism. They evidently perceive the pill proposed for legislative deglutition to be a large one, and as evidently are disposed to discourage, with a little mild satire, the wry faces and spasms of our would-be persecutors. Our friends, the enemy, express themselves chiefly thru two traditional mouth-pieces of old grannyism, the government at Washington, and the *North American Review*.

It might naturally be expected that in comment on their screeds, I should give the place of honor to the president's message. If it were worthy the chair from whence it emanates, of course I would. But as things are, I won't. A decent regard for my own reputation forbids me to waste criticism upon patent-side-weekly literature; and Timorous Ted's abuse of us must certainly have been derived from some such source. So let him go!

Senator Burrows, the author of one anti-Anarchist bill, appears in the *North American* to plead for "more laws." His caption is "The Need of National Legislation Against Anarchism." His characterizations of Anarchism are as unworthy notice as Timid Teddy's. But his practical proposals, and his facts, deserve a little consideration. His main important statement is that for fifteen years the monarchist gang at Washington has been trying to obtain "national legislation against Anarchism." In 1894, during the craze which followed Carnot's execution, Senator Hill introduced a measure of which Burrows complacently says that had it passed, "*Most would have been sent back to Germany, where the authorities are anxiously waiting to lay hands on him.*" This bill, which is not reprinted, but seems to have been of the most loose and dangerous character, got thru the senate, but was defeated in the house, August 23, principally thru the opposition of Mr. Warner, from New York, on the most reasonable grounds that it did not define the offense of "Anarchism," which it mentioned as cause for deporting unnaturalized aliens *convicted of crime;* and that it created twelve new officers at $2,500 a year! Whether Most could have been sent under its provisions where "the authorities are anxiously waiting to lay hands on him" is, perhaps, a little doubtful. But there is no question Czolgosz could not. This seems to have been the first time "Anarchism" was mentioned in a bill which ran the gauntlet of a chamber. The immigration acts of 1891, in their original form, contained such a mention; but the clause was always promptly amended out. In 1889 the select committee killed a bill introduced by Senator Mitchell, which provided, among other things, that no "avowed Anarchist or Nihilist" should be allowed to enter the United States, even tho he had been there before. In the busy year 1894, Representative W. A. Stone introduced a bill containining the following humorous provision: "Any person *or persons* (*vid. sub.*) who shall belong to, or who shall be appointed, designated, or employed, by any society or organization in this or any foreign country which provides in writing or verbal agreement for the taking of human life unlawfully or for the unlawful destruction of buildings or other property where the taking of human life would be the probable result, shall be deemed *an Anarchist*" (sic). This bill, remarks the logical Burrows, is interesting principally because of its attempt at defining the term "Anarchist." It certainly would include members of the Chan-na-Gael, Ku-Klux Klan, White Leagues, vigilantes, and other organizations not unknown to our laws; and as there happen to be no Anarchistic societies which "provide in writing or verbal agreement" as above, it could hurt no one else. The penalty of an attempt *by an Anarchist*, as defined above, on "*any person holding office* elective, or appointive, or *employed* under the Constitution and laws" was to be death by hanging. Mr. Hill, in defending his bill, stated that it was "not proposed . . . to make belief in Anarchy a crime . . . but provision is made that such a person [sic] know as an Anarchist shall not land in this country, *and if he does land, by certain proceedings to be taken by or thru the secretary of the treasury that person*" (the secretary?) "*may be deported.*" Several lost bills for the protection of the president also follow Garfield's assassination. One, on which Senator Burrows lays emphasis, was fathered by Senator Lapham (New York). It only provides for the perpetual imprisonment of any person who shall assault an individual in the line of presidential succession, with intent to kill "except under such circumstances as would render the attempt justifiable or excusable



CONSTITUTIONAL SAFEGUARDS.

by the common law." This was in the forty-seventh congress, before the Anarchist scare, and accordingly may be considered sane in comparison with its successors. They began to flow immediately after the Chicago martyrdoms.

Senator Burrows, with his usual perspicacity, thinks there must be "something besides mere accident to account for the disastrous result attending every attempt to pass preventive legislation against Anarchists." There is something else; and I can tell him what it is. That the Anarchists have no assassination-societies, and therefore that laws against such societies would, so far as they are concerned, be *bruta fulmina;* but that such laws would be hard hits at important Southern and other societies, not unrepresented in congress; that, whatever Senator Hill may say, the deportation of a naturalized citizen or resident alien would clearly be a punishment, that it cannot therefore be constitutionally inflicted by a retrospective law, nor without an indictment, "by certain proceedings to be taken by or thru the secretary of the treasury"; that such *lettre de cachet* proceedings are regarded with aversion by the American people; that we have already too many india-rubber penal statutes; that the president and his heirs in office are not royal persons; that their lives do not stand "between order and chaos," but that if they were all killed, they could in case of necessity, supply their places as easily as Lincoln said he "could make another general," tho he was aware he could not make another horse; these, sir, are the reasons why anti-Anarchist legislation fails: and though, as George Eliot remarks, "prophesy is the most gratuitous form of mistake," I would not be a bit surprised if it continued to fail for the same reason.

General Lew Wallace shows quite ably, in the same (December) number of the same leading magazine, that he is aware of the great difficulties attending any legislation against Anarchists, as such. He has however a panacea of his own. The Constitution should be amended to make the definition of treason include attempts on the life of a president or vice-president, and agitation to subvert or overthrow the government of the United States. As the proposer of these imperialistic measures is aware they would require an amendment to the Constitution, which is a long and roundabout process, it does not seem improbable that he, as well as some other stampers-out, may simply be talking for buncombe. He very likely knows that, tho the American people would not like to live under such laws, they expect papa-government to air his patriotism by sanguinary proposals. Of Anarchism, General Wallace says: "Its motto is Down with Law! Away with Order! It moves to its work out of darkness. Ambush and treachery are components of its strategy. . . . That is to say Anarchy, could it be accomplished, would be the sum of all crimes; for which reason it should have the chief place in the catalog." This is more scholarly and rhetorical language than Timid Ted's on the same subject; but it betrays equal unacquaintance with Burke, "Junius," Jefferson, Pain, the Declaration of Independence, William Lloyd Garrison, Byron, Shelley, Morris, Ibsen, Tolstoy, and the Century Dictionary. The eloquent author of "Ben Hur" and "The Fair God" is where he was at the battle of Shiloh. He is behind his time.

C. L. JAMES.

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Anarchy and Law.

Ignorance and fear, impregnated by authority, threatens to be delivered of legislative measures that are abhorrent to every true man's sense of justice, as well as a direct violation of human rights,—*rights* our brave forefathers a century ago deemed they had stamped indelibly upon a young nation founded in the blood of brave rebels, but which the statesmen of our generaton are boldly questioning as impracticable.

"Free speech and press must have proper limits," they declare. Yes; but who is to control the limit? Those in authority of course; and the weapon that shall empower them to act, our law makers are already fashioning in congress under the direct encouragement of the executive head of this nation. The end sought is "the stamping out of Anarchy." To attain this end they propose to outlaw an idea, to brand its advocates as criminals, and prescribe penalties for the "crime." In short, our wise men hope to legislate an idea out of existence. The plan is not original with them; it is an old and oft tried method. While its immediate results are deeply gratifying to tyrants and bigots, I may say, and history bears me out, that the ultimate results are such as to encourage any holder of an outlawed idea to resolutely resist by every means in his power the action of laws brutally invasive of his personal liberty and rights; and to likewise resolutely persist in the advocacy of a "crime" that is not a crime in nature, but only legally so in the eyes of conservative ignorance. To think and speak and live in line with our highest thought and sympathy in spite of all infamous stamping out laws, is the course of action, and the only one by which to meet these threatened laws, whose message is an echo of barbarism.

Why should one fear or dread the immediate results of brute force legalized by tyrants where every operation of that force but hastens its own final downfall? Repression intensifies resistance. The sparks struck out by these opposing forces, light the fires of liberty in human minds. Persecution causes agitation which is productive of thought; and sweet pity and reason at last unite to the final stamping out of legislation so revolting to the finer instincts of humanity.

Before proceeding let us glance at the ideal of Anarchy, which impels our law-givers to special legislation. Every age has produced men and women who were largely endowed with the power to think, and a corresponding sympathy which ever urged them to seek a remedy for the miseries of the people and their wrongs. To this end their whole lives were devoted to the exposition of rights they deemed essential to human welfare and happiness. It is needless to add that the advanced thoughts of these pioneers of progress were always at variance with the law-guarded institutions of their day. Therefore it is only too true that the "tree of liberty has been literally watered in the blood of its martyrs," but step by step thru each succeeding age has the love of liberty advanced; and the horizon marking the boundaries of human rights in one age widen and extend in the next, to a far more rational and comprehensive view of the basic principles of those rights. This is the law of progress hat finally, in the nineteenth century, gave birth to Anarchy; a social theory which holds that in the "absence of all direct government of man by man," a natural harmony and order would prevail. It charges that government is responsible for the social inequalities among men; that thru the blind faith and allegiance of the people to a power outside of themselves, authority is delegated; which can only act thru and by the united efforts of fallible men; that this delegation of authority fosters privileges and creates class interests; and that the class who control legislation shape the laws to further their own material advantages. Three years ago a writer in the *North American Review* charged that out of the 14,000 laws enacted by congress and the legislative and municipal bodies of our land the previous year, the greater part were to further the personal aims of either private or corporate greed. The history of government is its own condemnation. It fosters and protects an economic system that is based upon the hells of the poor.

Anarchy repudiates this arrangement, and demands the whole earth for all the people. We hold it to be a self-evident truth that a system which forces the producing classes to pay tribute to a few men for the privilege of working; that dictates the amount of tribute exacted; and that even has the power to deny work altogether, thus placing the lives and comfort of thousands and thousands of working men and their families at the mercy of capitalistic interests; cannot be a true system. No man should be compelled to pay another man for the privilege of producing the necessities of life. It is human ignorance alone which permits the insolent demands of law-protected monopoly; ignorance of the fundamental principles of human rights; ignorance of the remorseless law of cause and effect, the observance of which is man's only safeguard amid the storm and stress of life. To abolish this ignorance; to awaken in men a dim sense of their natural rights; and to teach them that human rights are discovered and appropriated, never bestowed by congress, a parliament or a king, is the central purpose of the Anarchist. When this idea has been absorbed by the mass of the people, government will be abolished and numbered among the obsolete follies and crimes of the past.

The primary object of the Anarchist is to eradicate from men's minds respect and reverance for the law as a decisive standard of right and wrong. We say to all men do not reverence but investigate the law, and you will discover far more reason for contempt than reverence. Substitute reason for blind faith in authority; and remember that the most revolting crimes against individuals or nations have been perpetrated in the name of law.

This is Anarchy's crime. These are the fundamental ideas that threaten the institutions of this rotten society; and for the propagation of which our rulers propose to throttle us. Among all the absurd laws and penalties prescribed, the island idea seems to be a favorite method of "stamping out

Anarchy." They propose to load a few transports with obnoxious ideas, properly encased of course in the persons of those who advocate the same, and sailing away to a "dark and desolate isle," there make a final dump of this miserable social problem that is continually sending cold chills of horror thru the vitals of that class, who having the power, have ever betrayed humanity. It may look "dead easy" in the eyes of our superficial statesmen to "maroon" an idea on an island; but we who regard that idea as a part for our lives look with contempt upon the project; and our souls are filled with pity for a people who allow themselves to be governed by a class of brainless apes.

Meanwhile, in spite of all laws and all tyrants, we will continue the work of creating a nobler ideal of life, and inspiring a love of liberty that will make its realization possible.

As for this abortion of law now brewing in congress, should it reach the world and proceed on its mission of extermination, up from the ruins of its work, baptized with blood and tears, would rise once more the immortal spirit of Anarchy born of intelligence and love, far more powerful and menacing to its old enemy ignorance than when the "stamping out" began.

KATE AUSTIN.

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The Island Scheme.

Senator Hoar's proposition to purchase an uninhabited island to which all Anarchists are to be deported is causing a good deal of comment, favorable and otherwise, in the capitalistic newspapers. Some of them think the scheme would afford an excellent opportunity for the Anarchists to put their theories into practice; others aver that before the end of the first year the inhabitants would be divided into warring factions, that the weakest would soon succumb, and those most "fitted to survive" would inaugurate a despotism the like of which has never been seen on earth; others again declare that the Anarchists would starve to death, or become mere savages, subsisting on roots, nuts, and berries (for want of capitalists to give them employment, no doubt,) while a few editors mildly criticize the proposition, mainly on the ground that it would cost too much money to try the experiment. All seem to admit that the plan would be attended with considerable difficulty, and unite in declaring that the Anarchist problem is a hard one to solve.

As the Anarchists themselves are to be the persons principally interested in the scheme, it struck me that they also should be given an opportunity to make a few comments, and that perhaps they might be able to offer some practical suggestions, and give our Wise Men at Washington a few valuable hints in the way of helping them out of the difficulties which the problem suggests. I therefore submit the opinions of a few of them for what they are worth, leaving it to the judgment of readers of FREE SOCIETY and the aforesaid Wise Men to decide whether they have suggested anything really worth while.

Said one who thoroly knows the ways of politicians: "The scheme is all right enough provided it could be based upon contract, and if there was a certainty that the different governments would strictly carry out the terms of the contract. If the authorities would agree to furnish us supplies until such time as we could be self-supporting, rigidly exclude politicians and all persons officially connected with any government, to let us absolutely alone no matter what may develope, I think we might manage to scratch along pretty comfortably; but Lord bless you I know these politicians. No sooner would we have the thing nicely going than under one pretence or another some of them would invade our little island and rob us as bad or worse than they do here, as they did they did the Mormons in Utah. Suppose we should find precious metals or stones on our island, how long do you suppose we would be left in peaceful possession after the governments learned of our discovery?"

"As this measure is calculated to include *all* Anarchists," said one who is quite well off in wordly goods, "and many comrades are fairly well to do if not rich, while thousands own their little homes, I suppose the governments would make some restitution to those who would be compelled to sacrifice what they have honestly and laboriously earned. To confiscate our wealth would brand them in the eyes of all honest people as robbers indeed, and the bad opinion we already have of them would be widely confirmed. This would add thousands to our ranks, and the difficulties of the problem already confronting our wise legislators would be increased hundred fold."

Said a bold Anarchist who is no respector of persons: "If this deportation scheme is to include *all* Anarchists, I fancy the authorities will not find the task easy. Of course the poor devils who havn't a cent or influential friends will be gathered in without much difficulty; but how about those who are well off, those who have become famous on account of their great talents, those who have multitudes of friends, and friends in high places? Men, for instance, like Reclus, Kropotkin, Carpenter, Ibsen, Tolstoy, and our own Elbert Hubbard. The last mentioned has declared over his own signature that he is an Anarchist, and I presume wouldn't deny the soft impeachment now. Then there is Julian Hawthorne, who about a year ago wrote an article in which he actually stated that all the best men and women everywhere are Anarchists. How will the politicians deal with these? And if they propose to discriminate, where will they draw the line? If it is true, as some one has said, that the Anarchist with a book is far more dangerous than the Anarchist with a bomb, those I have already mentioned should be the first victims."

A somewhat facetious but long-headed Anarchist had this to say: "If the authorities are to provide us with an island I propose that we ask to have some choice in the matter of location, etc. They might send us to some little barren fever infected spot under the equator where we would die off as fast as they planted us, and as we are a pretty numerous body, some of the good people who had been left behind might revolt at such cruelty on the part of their rulers. If they wish to colonize us, let them do it in handsome style—purchase for us the island of New Zealand, which would be something like; or we might take the Sandwich Island group as a second choice, or Cuba or Porto Rica; but these last two would, I fear, be too close to the United States for our comfort. We are the salt of the earth, and the best that is going is none too good for us. Anarchists will multiply from now on so rapidly that we shall need a big island. In a few years the Wise Men will have to legislate to keep Anarchist at home to save their nations from stagnation and death."

"There is one thing that can be said in favor of this island scheme," said a bookworm Anarchist. "It would bring together all the really progressive people in the world; most of the men and women of genius, learning and goodness in the field of literature, art, science and the various handicrafts. We might even have a sort of monopoly of the brains of the world (excepting, of course, the Wise Men at Washington), since the difficulty would be to keep the best people out of the island. And then," continued this bad Anarchist, gleefully, "the people that would be left would of course have no use for such Anarchist breeding literature as the works of Spencer, Channing, Paine, Emerson, Tolstoy, Carpenter, Morris, and dozens of others that I might name, and what was not ordered destroyed we might possibly take along with us or have sent to us. Such reading would have the effect of making us worse Anarchists than ever, but as we would be practically out of the world that could do none of the good people who were left behind any harm."

One Anarchist ironically proposed that the ships which are to be used to deport his comrades might be ordered scuttled and sunk in mid ocean as one of the most effectual means of getting rid of the present brood of radicals; another suggested that we petition the government to send the Wise Men at Washington, including the chief executive, with us to the island, that they might learn some lessons in true civilization; still another, a bright little woman Anarchist, thought it would be a good thing to petition our government to organize a few economic kindergardens, where these Wise Men would have an opportunity of learning the rudiments of economic science, and said she would gladly offer herself as one of the teachers.

I am not at all certain that any of the above suggestions will be adopted by the Wise Men at Washington, but they are offered in perfect good faith, and with sentiments of profound pity and charity for their absurd predicament.

W. H.

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Missouri Politics.

The grand old Democracy of Missouri got together the other day, and enthusiastically endorced all Democratic administrations of the State government, past and present; and not content with that, proceeded to endorce all future Democratic administrations, in anticipation. That's the way they do it down in good old Missouri, bud, where they have politics up-to-date. And why should they not? They know that the governmental machine will go on in the future on precisely the same lines, with exactly the same net results, and with the same blind approval from themasses. Great thing, our American system of popular government.

FREE SOCIETY.

Published Weekly by Free Society Publishing Asso.

A. ISAAK.....PUBLISHER

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 515 CARROLL AVE., Chicago, Ill.

Entered October 29, 1901, as second-class matter, Post Office at Chicago, Illinois. Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of orderwith the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individua liberty.—Century Dictionary.

The publishers as such are not responsible for any opinions expressed by the contributors.

AN APPEAL.

The insidious attack on free speech, in the arrest of three comrades of the *Discontent* group, calls for the action of Liberals everywhere. We are glad to announce that many have come forward in this crisis, to testify to their love of a free press. In such a case as this, constitutional liberty is menaced; and the most sacred rights of the individual are ruthlessly invaded. It is not a matter of adherence to any particular party or set of ideas. The issue at stake is that of the right of American citizens to voice their conviction on all social questions.

In the midst of this serious contest, the practical suppression of *Discontent*, by an arbitrary and underhanded procedure unparalleled in the history of the postal regulations, leaves the defense in an unexpectedly crippled condition, from the loss of the principal medium of communication with the public. Redoubled exertions are therefore necessary, in order to win a decisive victory for the freedom of the press.

Will the friends of liberty prove themselves equal to the emergency? The comrades at Home have formed a Defense Committee, with James F. Morton, Jr., as secretary, and Oliver A. Verity as treasurer. The address of each is Home, Wash. For full information, and circulars giving details of the case, address the secretary.

Without liberal contributions to the defense fund, our efforts are hopeless. The case is one of the most important on record, as certain to establish a precedent of vital importance to all Liberals. The chances of winning it are most excellent. With proper presentation, victory is almost a certainty. Must we fail for lack of support? Surely there are Liberals enough in this country, who will not suffer so great an evil to befall the common cause of liberty of the press; since a defeat in this case would be the signal for letting loose the hounds of persecution on other radical papers. Send your contribution to Oliver A. Verity, Home, Wash.

It is not necessary to endorse the ideas for which *Discontent* stands, in order to maintain the principle of free discussion. *Where do you stand?*

[The foregoing is from a circular, signed by a number of prominent persons, among them E. W. Chamberlain, E. B. Foote, Jr., Edwin C. Walker, Steven T. Byington, Albina L. Washburn, J. William Lloyd, M. Augusta Kellogg, Geo. Pyburn, M. D., and Viroqua Daniels.]

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Current Comment.

"Anarchy must be stamped out," hysterically shriek the daily press. Well, Russia has been "stamping out" Nihilism for a few decades, but somehow those principles continue to "bob up serenely," with uncomfortable frequency in the czar's dominions. The American imperialists might profit by the experience of Russian autocracy.

* * *

Free speech in America, tho safe-guarded by the blessed "constitution," is fast becoming a fleeting myth. Meetings of the Social Science Club of New York have now been suppressed by the police of that city, because, I presume, there was too much of the Anarchist flavor in the discussions. It is Anarchy now that is under the ban,—tomorrow it will be anything and everything that is obnoxious to the rulers. Still we must have government to protect our liberties, don't-chew-know.

* * *

The suppression of three Finnish newspapers by the Russian authorities indicates that the czar is studying American methods and proposes to keep up with the times. The necessity of government to protect our liberties is becoming more apparent every day.

* * *

The Italian monarchy is trying hard to keep up with the American republic in the suppression of radical ideas. In Rome the production of Gabriele D'Annunzio's tragedy "Francesca Da Rimini" has been prohibited on grounds of "morality." Republic or monarchy the spirit of government is identical the world over.

* * *

The carnival of murder and rapine now in progress in South Africa is the work of government, not of Anarchy, and for this reason Christian civilization has raised no voice of protest. But should a single individual happen to be murdered by an irresponsible fanatic, calling himself an Anarchist, a shudder of horror would shiver along the world's spinal column, and press and pulpit would shriek in unison for vengeance. Murder is murder only when committed by those not provided with an official uniform and a government liscense.

* * *

Our National Museum of Fossilized Incompetancy, sometimes designated as the American senate, will shortly grapple with the momentous problem, "How to suppress Anarchy?" Judging from the character of the various bills already introduced, that august(?) body is going to startle us with something rich, rare and racy in the way of legislation. We can certainly expect something unique and original; and, even if the Anarchists are not butchered to make a senatorial holliday, the dignified senators may add some valuable contributions to America's humorous literature.

* * *

The following report of American military rule in the Philippines, from the Chicago *Chronicle*, of Dec. 27, needs no comment:

General Hughes believes that "war is hell," as Sherman said, and he is giving the people of Cebu a taste of the brimstone. Only a few nights ago an American officer boasted that he is known as the Weyler of the district where he is in command. He also said—tho it may seem incredible—that he was proud of being so called.

Let us now take back all that we once said about the inhuman barbarity of General Weyler, and admit that, had he been American instead of Spanish, he would have been a noble type of soldierly heroism.

* * *

The cheering news comes from Gen. Chaffee in the Philippines that the Filipino rebellion instead of being suppressed, is more active at present time than ever before. Our world empire business seems in a fair way to slip its trolley, and our boasted military prestige is getting a black eye, or several black eyes, so to speak, at the hands of our Filipino subjects. Anyway, the cause of American imperialism and aggression in the Philippines has received a decided check, and every loveres of liberty should rejoice.

ROSS WINN.

—o—

"Full Dinner Pail" Philosophy.

In a discussion which followed a lecture on Mazzini, the Italian revolutionist, which was held before the Chicago Philosophical Society, some State Socialists asserted that in all ages all actions of men, whether emperor, capitalist, reformer, or laborer, were inspired by but one motive: the fear of an empty stomach.

How pleasant to contemplate a cooperative commonwealth with ignoramuses of this type as its chief executive officers, who see nothing in life but empty stomachs and "full dinner pails"!

Happily there is an intelligent minority whose active influence is sufficient to make its realization impossible; therefore we need not take to drink or commit suicide on account of the future. H. W. KOEHN.

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Are Economics Important?

In reading C. L. James' critique on Wat Tylor's recent series, I feel to inclined to review the article somewhat. "Economics," says Wat Tyler, "are not all of this social question, but they are a great part of it," and both these propositions James pronounces sound. I disagree. Economics bear about the same relation to social questions that the nine digets does to arithmatic. I agree with James that the trend of "An Era of Transition" was to the effect that Anarchists might expect to find there all the solution of all their problems. It may be well for Anarchists to study economy and have their views about it. But inasmuch as no two can agree about it, it is folly to expect it to solve any question. In my reading of political and social economy, I conclude it is a sort of algebra where words and phrases are used to designate equivalents, where the unknown quantities have no real value but depend entirely upon assumption. Our Anarchist economists like their political brethern, start their calculation with an assumption, then proceed to figure out their result. "Competition reduces price to the cost of production," says Tyler; and James restates the proposition by substituting value for price. "Price is value stated in

terms of money; money therefore has no price. But money has value." Here we see the economist giving the terms different definitions without altering the meaning. Where markets exist prices are established, and our money markets are no exception.

I remember a long discussion in *Liberty* by prominent economists, whether money was capital. It was settled as all such questions are by individual definitions. But what a waste of ink and paper!

J. K. Ingalls in "Social Wealth" shows the identity of interest, rent and profit, that these three forms of increase are essentially one, and yet he justifies an "economic rent" which includes an economic interest and an economic profit. James would make Wat Tyler confound interest and taxes, and "resolves profit into the elements of wages, interest, insurance against risks and the enforced tribute of monopoly," and farther on "in opposition to Henry George that rent is, at least here, little else than interest on the price of land" "Roscher," he says, "has shown that rent and interest, tho they nearly measure each other, do not quite"; and so James supposes "there may be an enforced tribute of monopoly which does not enter into profit, a thing distinguished by every economist from rent." Well! well! what a fine discernment these economists must possess. "Value," says James, "is a dependent variable"; and I think this may be said of every factor of this "dismal science." Does competition reduce value or the cost of production? It never did; in the days when it was the rule prices were higher than now, when it is fast disappearing. Competition is a trick to get advantage in trade; combination springs from it and converts it to monopoly. Wat Tyler would have free competition. So would I; for in freedom it would die and monopoly could not exist.

I think James is mistaken in asserting that the rate of wages are increasing "absolutely and also relatively to the share of capital pro rata." This can only be made out by ignoring the vast number of laborers thrown out of employment, and the addition of salaries to the wages of laborers. Salaries have increased, officials have increased; but adult laborers have been superceded by machines, women, and children, and the "natural wage," James quotes from Adam Smith as being "the whole product" has very much decreased. Here James was as much off as was Wat Tyler in asserting that the laborer was increasing his savings bank deposits. It is about as easy to establish proof by statistics as to prove a thing by economics. Some years ago while investigating the policies of politics I sent for and received the statistics to prove the beauties of free trade and tariff. It was astonishing to see how easily both sides proved their points. Economics is essentially political. Given a policy, the various factors are marshalled. Ingenuity sets out to gather statistics. A proper gift of gab and anything can be proven.

I gladly echo the words of James in his praise of Marx. He did much for Anarchy, and I was surprised at the attitude assumed by Wat Tyler when I remembered what the master of his school said in 1883: "By the death of Karl Marx the cause of labor has lost one of the most faithful friends it ever had. . . . What was the economic theory developed by Karl Marx? . . . We give below an admirable outline drawn by Benoit Malon, a prominent French Socialist in sympathy with Marx's thought . . . it being in the main a succinct and concise statement of the true principles of political economy." Then follow the arguments and theories of Marx, endorsed as follows: "The foregoing is an admirable argument, and *Liberty* endorses the whole of it, excepting a few phrases concerning the nationalization of industries and the assumption of political power by the working people."

James embodies my idea exactly when he says: "Holding as I do that speculation is of the essense of commerce, rests on monopoly, and causes interest. I identify all with government, the true point of attack.... The Anarchist with a book is more formidable than the Anarchist with a bomb. But the Anarchist with a bank or a phalanx is, I fear, but a poor critter." The bank and the phalanx represent commercialism and organization. The latter is government and the former is its offspring. And James may be right in his closing paragraph: "Time enough to discuss the merits of Communism and Mutual Banking when the removal of government has made it possible to try either one or the other." But Wat Tyler had attacked Communism as detrimental to the economics of Anarchy, which he contended would remove government. Is it not really essential to have some well defined ideas of a state of freedom in our propaganda? You can never convert the governmentalist until you can convince him that your society in freedom is superior to society under government. But I would suggest that as each is convinced in his own mind, let him work in his own way. It is of really great importance "to teach the enlightened class to regard government as an exploded superstition," and show the State Socialist his government is no better. The "late unpleasantness" has given us all a cue. Let us work on educational lines.

The world begins to know its needs
And souls are crying to be free.

A. LeRoy Loubal.

—o—

Modern Fables.

THE FOOL AND THE STATESMAN.

A certain simple fellow, who had often voted the Republican ticket and shouted for national honor and prosperity, died. When his spirit presented itself at the heavenly gate and knocked for admittance, St. Peter surveyed him critically thru his gold-rimmed spectacles, and asked him if he was riding or walking.

"I am walking, your saintship," answered the honest fellow.

"Then," said St. Peter, "I shall turn you away, as we are admitting today only those who are mounted." The fellow turned sadly away, when he encountered a certain great statesman he had often voted for in life. "You can't get in today unless you are mounted," he told the statesman.

"I'll tell you what," said the Great Man; "you take me upon your back, and we will thus both get in." Much pleased at this wise suggestion, the simple fellow complied, and mounted upon his back the great statesman presented himself at the gate and demanded admission.

"Riding or walking?" inquired St. Peter.

"Riding," boldly replied the statesman.

"Oh, I see," said the old gate-keeper, as he took in the situation. "Well, just hitch your donkey outside and come in."

Moral: Statesmen who ride into offices upon the shoulders of the fool voters generally do the same way.

THE ARCHIC.

(A Fairy Tale.)

Once upon a time, in a kingdom situated between two seas, the people kept a certain great monster, called an archic. This archic was a most ferocious beast with great iron claws and teeth, and a mouth large enough to swallow a dozen men at a gulp. The people held this monster in great esteem, altho it was a great burden to them, for it had to be fed constantly upon the very fat of the land, and demanded human flesh and blood, as well as all the choice fruits of the soil, and it was always hungry.

This beast had to be kept securely chained, and a vast number of men, called archons, or officers of the archic, were required to feed and care for the monster. Every once in a while the archic would break his chain and do much harm among the people, but at all turns he had to have human blood to satisfy his ravenous appetite.

The people were all afraid of the archic, but they agreed that he was very useful in keeping the evil doers quiet, for when a man did anything not approved by the people, they gave him to the archic. It thus happened that, if a man was very wealthy, he could appease the appetite of the beast with such things as it liked to feed upon, and thus escape himself; but when a poor man, who had not the means to appease the monster's appetite, fell into its clutches he was apt to fare rather badly.

But the people, tho they were agreed that the archic was a useful and necessary evil, were not satisfied with the manner in which it was kept, and they were all the time devising new methods of feeding it, and new ways of utilizing its usefulness.

Some wanted to curtail its liberty as much as possible, while others wished to lengthen its chain, and give it more scope and power. But there were a few individuals who said that the monster ought to be killed. These persons were called Anarchists; and the vast majority of the people looked upon them as very bad and wicked, especially the archons, or keepers of the archic, who said that the Anarchists should all be given to the archic as a sacrifice to law and order.

But the Anarchists continued to reason with the people, and at last so many of them were convinced, that they began to ignore the archic, and refused to contribute to its support. The result was that the archic, deprived of its daily food supply, sickened and died; and when it was no more, the people discovered that it had been a great curse, and an unmixed evil that was not in the least necessary to their happiness and well being, but on the contrary, had made life miserable for all the people without their knowing it. And there was great rejoicing, and everybody declared that they had always been Anarchists to the third and fourth generation of ancestors.

Ross Winn.

A Rocket of Iron.

It was one of those misty October nightfalls of the north, when the white fog creeps up from the river and winds itself like a corpse sheet around the black, ant-like mass of human insignificance, a cold menace from Nature to Man, till the foreboding of that irresistible fatality which will one day lay us all beneath the Ice Death sits upon your breast and stifles you, till you start up desperately crying "let me out, let me out!"

For an hour I had been staring thru the window at that chill steam, thickening and blurring out the lines that zigzagged thru it indefinitely, pale drunken images of facts staggering against the invulnerable vapor that walled me in,—a sublimated grave marble! Were they all ghosts, those figures wandering across the white night, hardly distinguishable from the posts and pickets that wove in and out like half-dismembered bodies writhing in pain? My own fingers were curiously numb and inert; had I, too, become a shadow?

It grew unbearable at last, the pressure of the foreboding at my heart, the sense of that on-creeping of Universal Death. I ran out of doors, impelled by the vague impulse to assert my own being, to seek relief in struggle, even tho foredoomed futile,—to seek warmth, fellowship, somewhere, tho but with those ineffective pallors in the mist, that dissolved even while I looked at them.

Once in the street I ran on indifferently, glad to be jostled, glad of the snarling of dogs and the curses of laborers calling to one another. The penumbra of the mist, that menacing dim foreshadow, had not chilled these, then! On, on, thru the alleys where human flesh was close, and when one listened one could hear breathings and many feet,—drifting at last into the current that swept thru the main channel of the city, and presently, whirled round in an eddy, I found myself staring thru the open door of the great Iron Works. Perhaps it was the sensation of warmth that held me there first, some feeling of exhilaration and wakening defiance in the flash and swirl of the yellow flames,—this, mixed with an indistinct desire to clutch at something, anything, that seemed stationary in the midst of all this that slipped and wavered and fell away. No, I remember now: there was something before that; there was a sound,—a sound that had stopped my feet in their going, and smote me with a long shudder,—a sound of hammers, beating, beating, beating a terrific hail, momentarily faster and louder, and in between a panting as of some great monster catching breath beneath the driving of that iron rain. Faster, faster,—CLANG! A long reverberant shriek! The giant had rolled and shivered in his pain. Involuntarily I was drawn down into the Valley of the Sound, words muttering themselves thru my lips as I passed: "Forging, forging,—what are they forging there? Frankenstein makes his monster. How the iron screams!" But I heard it no more now. I only saw!—saw the curling yellow flames and the red, red iron that panted, and the masters of the hammers. How they moved there, like demons in the abyss,—their bodies swinging, their eyes tense and aglitter, their faces covered with the gloom of the torture chamber!

Only *one* face I saw, young and fair,—young and very fair—whereon the gloom seemed not to settle; the skin of it was white and shining there in the midst of that black haze; over the wide forehead fell tumbling waves of thick brown hair, and two great dark eyes looked steadily into the red iron as if they saw therein something I could not see; only now and then they were lifted, and looked away upward, as if beyond the smoke-pall they beheld a vision. Once he turned so that the rose light cast forth his profile as a silhouette; and I shivered, it was so fine and hard! Hard with the hardness of beaten iron, and fine with the fineness of a keen chisel. Had the hammers been falling on that fair young face?

A comrade called, a sudden terrified cry. There was a wild rush, a mad stampede of feet, a horrible screech of hissing metal, and a rocket of iron shot upward toward the black roof, bursting and falling in a burning shower. Three figures lay writhing along the floor among the leaping, demoniac sparks.

The first to lift them was the Man with the white face. He had stood still in the storm, and ran forward when the others shrank back. Now he passed by me bearing his dying burden, and I saw no quiver upon brow or chin; only, when he laid it in the ambulance, I fancied I saw upon the delicate curved lips a line of purpose deepen, and the reflection of the iron-fire glow in the strange eyes, as if for one instant the door of a hidden furnace had been opened and smoldering coals had breathed the air. And even then he looked up!

It was all over in half an hour. There would be weeping in three little homes; and one was dead, and one would die, and one would crawl, a seared human stump, till the end of his weary days. The crowd that had gathered was gone; they would not know the stump when it begged from them with its maimed hands six months after, on the street corners. "Fakir," they would say, and laugh. There would be an entry on the company's books, and a brief line in the newspapers next day. But the welding of the iron would go on, and the man who gave his easy money for it would fancy he had paid for it, not seeing the stiff figures in their graves, nor the crippled beggar, nor the broken homes.

The rocket of iron is already cold; dull, inert, fireless, the black fragments lie upon the floor whereon they lately rained their red revenge. Do with them what you will, you cannot undo their work. The men are clearing way. Only he with the white face does not go back to his place. Still set and silent he takes his coat, "presses his soft hat down upon his thick, damp locks" and goes out into the fog and night. So close he passed me I might have touched him, but he never saw me. Perhaps he was still carrying the burden of the dying man upon his heart; perhaps some mightier burden. For one instant the shapely boyish figure was in full light, then it vanished away in the engulfing mist,—the mist which the vision of him had made me forget. For I knew I had seen a Man of Iron,—into whose soul the iron had driven, whose nerves were tempered as cold steel, but behind whose still, impassive features slumbered a white-hot heart. And others should see a rocket and a ruin, and feel the Vengeance of Beaten Iron before the mist comes and swallows all.

. . . . .

I had forgotten! Upon that face, that young, fair face, so smooth and fine, that even the black smoke would not rest upon it, there bloomed the roses of Early Death. Hot-house flowers!

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

—— o ——

Legal Powers of the Police.

The subject of police power and duty in local communities is one of very grave importance. The exercise of it in this country has gone to an extreme never before known under free government. Jealousy of personal liberty has been the origin and foundation of all the free constitutions in the world. It has been the origin of the idea of government by the people wherever government by the people exists today. The distinction between a free government, a government by the people and a despotism is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in the taxing power and what I will call the police power—not in its widest sense, but in its restricted sense. There is where the government touches the individual constantly, thru taxation and thru the force which the government has and uses to keep order in the community and enforce the criminal laws.

Free government allows those in power to do only what the people prescribe. The people say: Here are the laws that we enact, prescribing to what extent you may take our property for taxation; here are the laws of our passing which say to what extent you may put your hand on us in the way of arrest or prosecute us for crime. What, then, is the power of the organized police force which we find in every locality? To what extent have the police the power to interfere with you as citizens?

First, let us see to what extent one citizen may interfere with another. What is the power of the individual to interfere with his fellow-citizen? Every citizen has the power to arrest for crime. The statute says: "A private person may arrest another (1) for a crime committed or attempted in his presence, (2) when the person arrested has committed a felony, altho not in his presence." Any citizen therefore, is armed by the law with power to arrest anyone whom he sees committing a crime.

What is the power of the police in the same respect? The statute says: "A peace officer may, without a warrant, arrest a person for a crime committed or attempted in his presence; when the person arrested has committed a felony, tho not in his presence; when a felony has, in fact, been committed." It is the very same as a private individual—no more or no less. There is this thing added, however, that, in case of a policeman, if a felony has in fact been committed, and he has reasonable cause to believe that a person committed it, he may arrest that person without a warrant, and he is not afterward liable to be sued for false imprisonment. He has that much advantage over a private citizen in regard to an arrest for a felony which he did not see committed. Otherwise his power is the very same as that of any citizen. So we see that each and every one of us is a peace officer.

Now, we do not all want to be playing po-

lice officer all the time, so, to say it roughly, we club together and we hire a force for that purpose; but, in contributing this fund by taxation to hire policemen to make arrests, we confer on them no power which we have not ourselves.

The police force should be made to remember by those in authority over them that in making up this fund to hire policemen we do not put them over us as our masters. On the contrary, we give them only the power that we have ourselves, and we make them our honorable servants. But we see power exercised by the police here in New York which they do not have. They assume to arrest people without warrant where they do not see them commit an offense at all. They assume to go into people's houses without right. They assume to interfere with our morals in ways which the law does not justify. I have seen things done by the police in New York and in other cities in the United States, which, if done in London, would endanger the throne. I need not say to intelligent men that when this arbitrary power begins to grow, it grows very rapidly, and it grows very inperceptibly. All the free nations in the world that have lost their freedom and their free constitution, lost it thru the armed force, whether the Pretorian Guard, or what not, kept in large communities nominally to preserve the peace. These encroachments of arbitrary power may look very little, but they grow very rapidly, and I have seen them grow in this community since my boyhood beyond what I could tell in this article.

So much for the power to arrest without a warrant. Now, with a warrant it is quite another thing. You may go before a magistrate and obtain a warrant by making a sworn complaint against anybody, and that warrant goes to the constable or to the police, and he has absolute power to execute it. That is an entirely different branch of the law of arrest—an entirely safe branch. Nobody's rights in that way can be very greatly interfered with.

I will mention two or three things which I think exhibit abuses by the police force in our large communities. One of these abuses is the extremely large number who are locked up for petty crimes. A policeman finds somebody committing a petty crime, or very often he doesn't find him committing any crime at all; and he is marched off to the station house and locked up over night This has always seemed to me wrong. Why should any man, for a small infraction of the law, who has a number on the house where he lives, be locked up over night? Why can't the policeman take out his book, write his name and address, and say, "Appear to-morrow morning at the Adams Street Court," or whatever court it is?

In London the policeman books the person who is accused. He says you have violated some ordinance, or committed some infraction of the law, and he takes your name, writes it carefully with your address, and says, "Be at Bow Street to-morrow morning at nine o'clock." You will be there, too. If you are not, they will find you.

Many arrests are made upon the accusation of resisting an officer in the discharge of his duty which should never be made. This charge is made wrongfully again and again by the police. Such cases should be carefully investigate by the magistrate—much more carefully than they are. The foundation of that offense is that the officer must have been in the discharge of his duty. But suppose the officer was not in the discharge of his duty; suppose he was interfering with the man unlawfully. Then he is not in the discharge of his duty, and any citizen would have a right to interfere.

There is another so-called offense which the police use as an excuse for arrests, and that is the so-called offense of disorderly conduct. When an offier does not know what charge to make, he always accuses the prisoner of disorderly conduct. There is no offense known to our law as disorderly conduct. It may be that you whistled in the street, or you sat on your doorstep, or that you winked at the policeman as he went by; but there is no such offense in our penal code as disorderly conduct. It may mean anything that the policeman or magistrate desires to have it mean. There is no way to accuse a man under our law, except to state precisely what he did. There is in our code, however, a class of persons who are called disorderly persons, and they are summarily disposed of by magistrates. But it is not a crime under the law.

In my judgment it is the most dangerous thing in the community that the policeman should have anything to do with elections. If there is any time when a man should feel free, it is when he goes to the election booth and casts his ballot. Why should a policeman be there at all? Why should he be in the election place, or even near it?

I believe it to be a fact that nine-tenths of the election frauds that are committed in our large cities have either been committed by the police or under the protection of the police. If a man who is a repeater or who is going to vote fraudulently knows that when he arrives at the polls the policeman stationed there is his friend, he will walk up boldly and swear to any number of oaths and vote early and often.

If the policeman were not at the polls there would be but little repeating—but few frauds in the ballot. The most extraordinary thing in the way of legislation ever done in regard to our cities was to unite the election machinery with the police machinery. If I had my way no policeman would come within one hundred feet of the polling booth. The law in this State is careful to give to all election officers the power of arrest, and in my judgment anyone committing a breach of the peace or fraudulently voting should be arrested by the election officer and not by the police.

Crusades for better municipal government and all the genuine reform movements are made upon a high moral plane. Policemen with clubs in their hands will never reform the community. The morals of a city can be uplifted more by education than by any other influence, and the place to begin is in our public schools. All movements in this world, whether in science, in politics, or in government, are ruled by high principles. If you want to reform the government, commence on a high plane. Set in motion sentiment, set in motion human laws, which will inevitably have an effect upon the whole community. But whether we want to reform poor women or whether we want to reform gamblers, or whatever we want to do in the way of reform, we must not resort to that dangerous expedient, the police.

The social problems now before us must be solved by moral forces, or not at all. Neither the policeman nor the policeman's club will do it.—W. J. Gaynor, Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, in *Social Service*.

—o—

By the Wayside.

Unless trades unionism is rotten to the core, Sam Gompers has dug his own grave by embracing Mark Hanna and Schwab.

* * *

"There is surely something wrong with Gompers," exclaimed a prominent trades unionist. "He has always been against arbitration; and suddenly he is in favor of the outrageous scheme. But as long as the majority of the workers stand by him, he will remain in office."

"You ought to know that the majority of the workers have absolutely nothing to do with the question," replied a bystander. "You know from experience that a few able talkers always sway the meetings their own way; consequently as soon as this minority —the leaders, so to speak—is against Gompers, he will be buried." After a little meditation, the trades unionist said smilingly: "I guess you are right: it is not the majority after all."

* * *

"Let government be just and humane, and there will be no Anarchy," says Dr. J. B. Wilson in the *Blue Grass Blade*. Perhaps so; but as a "just" government is an impossible proposition, I suppose we will have Anarchy. Governments cannot exist without force—violence—and to justify the exercise of violence upon an inoffensive people is rather a hard task even for doctors, except doctors of divinity.

* * *

Being a "skunk" Social Democrat, the editor of the New York *Weekly People*, is fired up against FREE SOCIETY, "an irresponsible and vicious Anarchist paper," because it "quoted with entire and unreserved approbation the opinions of Thomas I. Morgan," who is a "kangaroo" Social Democrat. The worthy editor cannot comprehend, of course, that the readers of an Anarchist paper are mentally not endangered by reading the utterances of a vicious simpleton. Morgan's opinion was given in a meeting report, where neither approval nor disapprobation was called for.

* * *

While our humble servant, "the chief of the nation," was enjoying a cake-walk on Christmas eve, a young father of this city committed suicide because he saw no Christmas for his wife and children. "Some childless kind-hearted man or woman will do for you what I cannot," he said before he took the poison. How is that for "universal prosperity," Teddy? The Anarchist is striving for a society in which there shall be no grief and tragedies on account of poverty, and for this reason he must be stamped out.

* * *

After a little experience, Aldermann Mavor of this city thinks it better for a young man to be in prison than to take a City Hall job and become a politician. "Nothing will demoralize him sooner," says the alderman. Strange as it may seem, but the Anarchists made this "startling discovery" long ago.

INTERLOPER.

343

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Feb. 14—The Blight of the Army, by M. C. Wentworth.

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Mar. 14—Man and Machine, by Lloyd Wright.

Mar. 29—The Co[illegible] Society, by Prof. Albion Small.

Apr. 11—Charity or Justice, Which? by Prof. Emil G. Hirsch.

Apr. 25—The Future Militarism, by Prof. Edmund J. James.

Freisinnige Gemeinde, (German), Schoenhofer's Hall, Cor. Ashland and Milwaukee Aves., every second Saturday night. Thema fuer den 15. Januar: Anarchismus und der Staat. Referent: Otto Hermann.

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